

LITTLE DO.

TOTTY

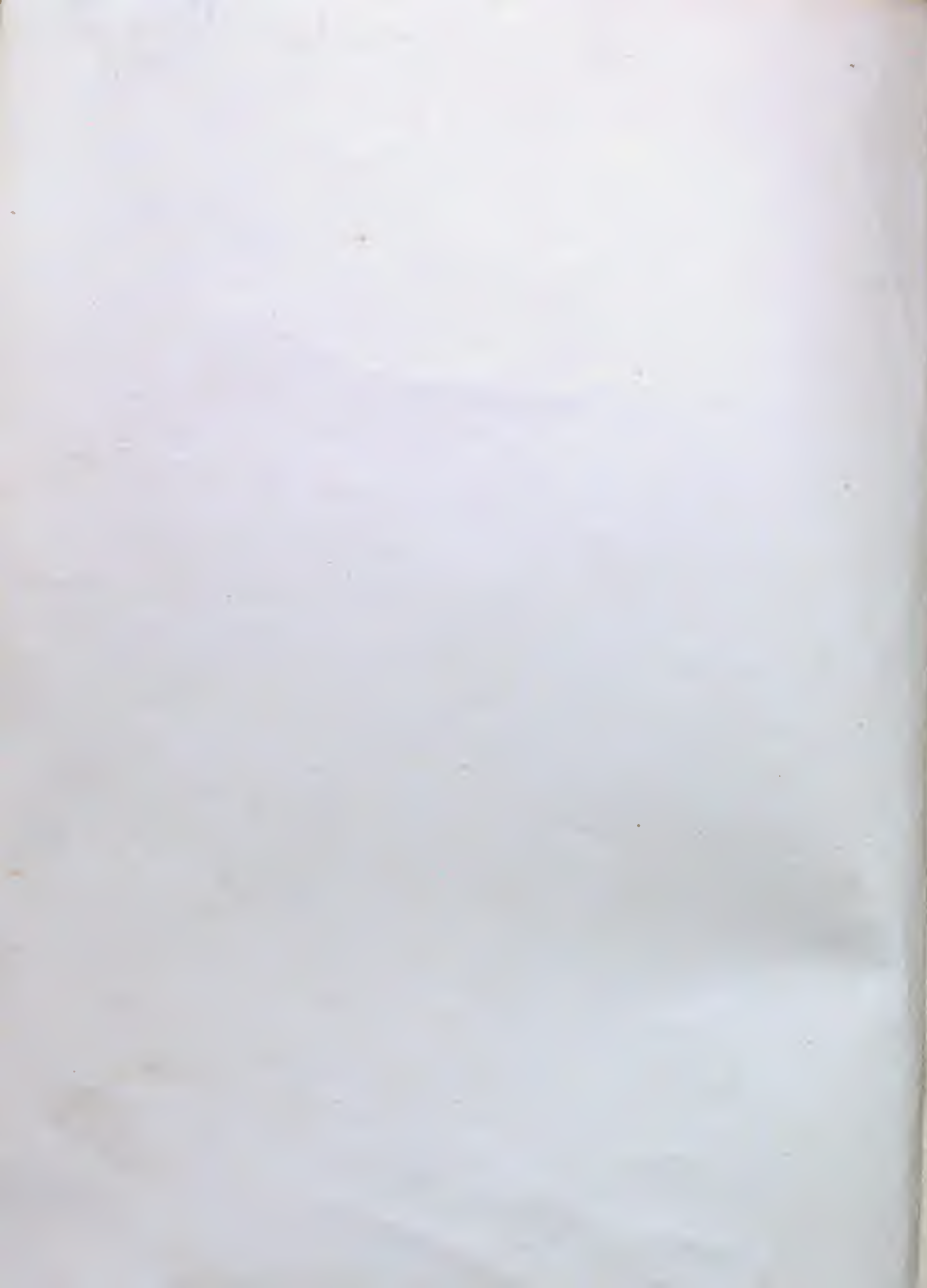
ILLUSTRATED



WARNE'S
NOW & THEN JUVENILE SERIES



Early chromo lithography! 1859. \$35







LITTLE TOTTY,

AND OTHER NURSERY TALES.

WITH

TWENTY-FOUR PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS,

Printed in Colours.



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Contents.

LITTLE TOTTY.

RED RIDING HOOD.

CINDERELLA.

JACK AND JILL.

LITTLE TOTTY.

THERE was once a farmer's wife who wished for a very little child—smaller than had ever been seen. So she went to a Fairy, who dressed sometimes as an old woman, and asked her for a tiny baby. The Fairy gave her a barleycorn, and told her to put it in a flower-pot (for it was not a common barleycorn), and when it grew into a flower she should have her wish.

The very next day the farmer's wife found that a tall beautiful flower just like a tulip had grown up in the pot. She thought it such a beautiful flower that she kissed its red and yellow leaves, and the moment her lips touched it the bud opened with a *pop*! It was a real tulip, and inside it she found the smallest little maiden ever seen—scarcely half a thumb's length; so she called her Little Totty.

A polished walnut shell served Little Totty for a bedstead, with violet leaves for a mattress and rose leaves for a coverlet. Her mother used to put her



on the table to play, and gave her a plate full of water, with a wreath of flowers round it, and a tulip leaf, on which Totty rowed about, with two white horse-hairs for oars. Then she looked pretty indeed !

Little Totty never grew any bigger ; but when she was old enough to be married, a wicked old Toad, who thought she would make a nice wife for her son, stole her from her tender mother, and carried her out into the middle of a pond, where she seated her on a rose-bud, and made her weave rushes for household linen to use when she should be married to her ugly son.

But the Fish, pitying poor Little Totty, bit the stem of the rose through, and she floated away upon the leaf, drawn by a beautiful white Butterfly, and did not marry the Toad after all. A big Cockchafer saw her, and fell in love with her, and clasped her round the waist, and flew away with her, intending to marry her. But the other cockchafers made fun of her because she was not like themselves, and then the Cockchafer did not care for her any more, and





left her all alone. She lived in the woods all the summer, where the birds used to sing to her; but when winter came she was cold and hungry, and she knocked at the door of the Field Mouse, and asked for some barleycorns.

The Field Mouse took her in and was very kind to her; but she wanted to make Little Totty marry an ugly old Mole, who used to come to visit her, and the poor little maiden was very unhappy, because she did not like the Mole.

One day, just before she was to be married to the Mole, she went out into the fields to bid the bright sun good bye (for the sun does not shine into moles' houses), when she saw a little Swallow whose life she had saved, and to whom she had been very kind; and she told him all her trouble. Then the kind bird invited Little Totty to seat herself on his back, which she gladly did, and he flew away to the warm lands where it is always sunshiny, except at night.

Then he put her down on a beautiful large white flower like a convolvulus, only prettier, and to her



great surprise there sat a little man as transparent as glass, with wings, and a golden crown on his head; and he was no bigger than herself!

This was the King of the Flowers. In every flower in that part of the world dwelt a little man; but this one was King of them all.

When he saw the Swallow he was frightened, for he was quite a gigantic bird to the little King; but he was very glad to see Little Totty. He asked her name, and if she would be his wife, and then she would be Queen of the Flowers; and when she said "yes," (for he was much nicer than the Toad or the Mole) he took his golden crown off, and put it on her head. And every flower sent forth its little Fairy, who brought her a present; but the best gift of all was a pair of beautiful wings, which they fastened to Little Totty's back, so that she could fly from flower to flower. So the tiny maiden married the Flower Fairy, and lives in a lily-bell, which is quite as big a house as is required by Queen Totty.



LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD PREPARING FOR HER JOURNEY.

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

ONCE upon a time there was a dear little girl, whose mother made her a scarlet cloak, with a hood to tie over her pretty head ; so people called her (as a pet name) "Little Red Riding-Hood." One day her mother tied on her cloak and hood, and said,

"I wish you to go to-day, my darling, to see your grandmamma, and take her a present of some butter, fresh eggs, a pot of honey, and a little cake, with my love."

Little Red Riding-Hood loved her grandmother, and was very glad to go. So she ran gaily through the wood, gathering the wild flowers and gambolling among the ferns as she went ; and the birds all sang their sweetest songs to her, and the bluebells nodded their pretty heads, for everything loved the gentle child.

By and bye a great hungry Wolf came up to her. He wished to eat her up, but as he heard the wood-



THE WOLF FOLLOWS LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

man Hugh's axe at work close by, he was afraid to touch her, for fear she should cry out and he should get killed. So he only asked her where she was going. Little Red Riding-Hood innocently told him (for she did not know he was a wicked Wolf) that she was going to visit her grandmother, who lived in a cottage on the other side of the wood. Then the Wolf made haste, and ran through the wood, and came to the cottage of which the child had told him. He tapped at the door.

"Who 's there?" asked the old woman, who lay sick in bed.

"It is Little Red Riding-Hood, Grandmamma," answered the Wolf in a squeaky tone, to imitate the voice of her grandchild.

"Pull the string, and the latch will come up," said the old lady, "for I am ill, and cannot open the door."

The cruel Wolf did so, and jumping on the bed, ate the poor grandmother up.

Then he put on her nightcap and got into her



THE WOLF AT THE GRANDMOTHER'S COTTAGE.



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD AT HER GRANDMOTHER'S DOOR.

bed. By and bye Little Red Riding-Hood, who had lingered gathering flowers as she came along, and so was much later than the Wolf, knocked at the door.

“Who’s there?” asked the Wolf, mimicking her grandmother’s voice.

“It is Little Red Riding-Hood, dear Grand-mamma,” said the child.

“Pull the string, and the latch will come up,” said the Wolf.

So Red Riding-Hood came in, and the Wolf told her to put down her basket, and come and sit on the bed. When Little Red Riding-Hood drew back the curtain and saw the Wolf, she began to be rather frightened, and said,

“Dear Grandmamma, what great eyes you have got!”

“All the better to see with, my dear,” said the Wolf, who liked a grim joke.

“And what a large nose you have, Grandmamma!” cried the child.

“All the better to smell with, my dear.”



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD DISCOVERS THE WOLF.

“And, oh! Grandmamma, what long white teeth you have!”

Alas! she reminded the greedy Wolf of eating!

“All the better to eat you with!” he growled, and, jumping out of bed, sprang at Red Riding-Hood.

But just at that moment Hugh the woodman, who had seen the sweet child go by, and had followed her, because he knew there was a Wolf prowling about the forest, burst the door open, and killed the wicked animal with his good axe. Little Red Riding-Hood clung round his neck, and thanked him, and cried for joy; and Hugh took her home to her mother; and after that she was never allowed to walk in the greenwood by herself.

It was said at first that the Wolf had eaten the child, but that was not the case; and everybody was glad to hear that the first report was not correct, and that the Wolf had not really killed Little Red Riding-Hood.



THE DEATH OF THE WOLF.





CINDERELLA.

CINDERELLA's mother died while she was a very little child, leaving her to the care of her father and her step-sisters, who were very much older than herself; for Cinderella's father had been twice married, and her mother was his second wife. Now, Cinderella's sisters did not love her, and were very unkind to her. As she grew older they made her work as a servant, and even sift the cinders; on which account they used to call her in mockery "Cinderella." It was not her real name, but she became afterwards so well known by it that her proper one has been forgotten.

She was a very sweet-tempered, good girl, however, and everybody except her cruel sisters loved her.

It happened when Cinderella was about seventeen years old, that the King of that country gave a ball, to which all ladies of the land, and among the rest the young girl's sisters, were invited. So they made



her dress them for this ball, but never thought of allowing her to go there.

“I wish you would take me to the ball with you, sisters,” said Cinderella, meekly.

“Take you, indeed!” answered the elder sister, with a sneer; “it is no place for a cinder-sister: stay at home and do your work.”

When they were gone, Cinderella, whose heart was very sad, sat down and cried bitterly; but as she sat sorrowful, thinking of the unkindness of her sisters, a voice called to her from the garden, and she went out to see who was there. It was her god-mother, a good old Fairy.

“Do not cry, Cinderella,” she said; “you also shall go to the ball, because you are a kind, good girl. Bring me a large pumpkin.”

Cinderella obeyed, and the Fairy, touching it with her wand, turned it into a grand coach. Then she turned a rat into a coachman, and some mice into footmen; and touching Cinderella with her wand, the poor girl’s rags became a rich dress trimmed with





costly lace and jewels, and her old shoes became a charming pair of glass slippers, which looked like diamond. The Fairy told her to go to the ball and enjoy herself, but to be sure to leave the ball-room before the clock struck eleven.

“If you do not,” she said, “your fine clothes will all turn to rags again.”

So Cinderella got into the coach, and drove off with her six footmen behind, very splendid to behold, and arrived at the King’s Court, where she was received with delight. She was the most beautiful young lady at the ball, and the Prince would dance with no one else. But she made haste to leave a little before the hour fixed, and had time to undress before her sisters came home. They told her a beautiful Princess had been at the ball, with whom the Prince was delighted. They did not know it was Cinderella herself.

Three times Cinderella went to royal balls in this manner, but the third time she forgot the Fairy’s command, and heard eleven o’clock strike. She



darted out of the ball-room and ran down stairs in a great hurry. But her dress all turned to rags before she left the palace, and she lost one of her glass slippers. The Prince sought for her everywhere, but the guard said no one had passed the gate but a poor beggar girl. However, the Prince found the slipper, and in order to discover where Cinderella was gone, he had it proclaimed that he would marry the lady who could put on the glass slipper. All the ladies tried to wear the slipper in vain, Cinderella's sisters also; but when their young sister begged to be allowed to try it also, it was found to fit her exactly; and, to the Prince's delight, she drew the fellow slipper from her pocket, and he knew at once that she was his beautiful partner at the ball. So she was married to the Prince, and children strewed roses in their path as they came out of church.

Cinderella forgave her sisters, and was so kind to them, that she made them truly sorry for their past cruelty and injustice.



JACK AND JILL.



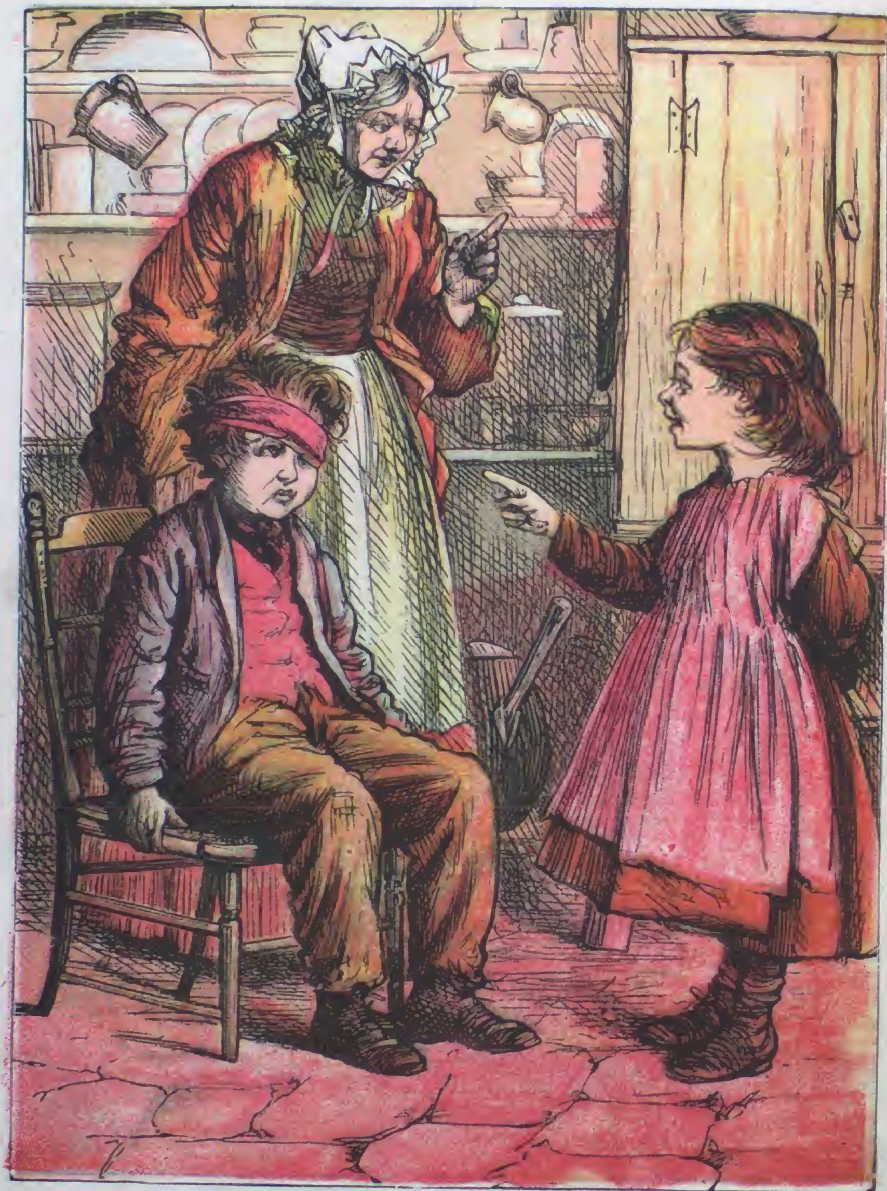
UP THE HILL AND—DOWN.

JACK AND JILL.

JACK and Jill
Went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water ;
Jack fell down
And broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after

Then up Jack got,
And home did trot,
As fast as he could caper ;
Dame Gill did the job
To plaster his nob
With vinegar and brown paper.

Then Jill came in,
And she did grin
To see Jack's paper plaster ;
Her mother told her
That she should scold her
If she laughed at Jack's disaster.



JILL MAKES GAME OF POOR JACK.

This made Jill pout,
And she ran out,
And was sadly teased by Jack ;
Till the goat came by,
And made Jack cry
By knocking him on his back.

Now Jill did laugh,
And Jack did cry,
But his tears did soon abate ;
When he heard Jill say
They both would play
At see-saw across a gate.

They see-sawed high,
They see-sawed low,
At length they both did tumble ;
“ We both are down
We both must own,
Let neither of us grumble.”



SEE-SAW.



JACK'S RIDE ON THE SOW.

Then the next thing
They made a swing,
But Jill set up a big cry,
For the swing gave way
In the midst of their play,
And threw her into the pig-sty.

The sow came by ;
Says Jack, " I 'll try
If I can't ride this prancer :
She 's a good hack,---
I 'll mount her back
And fancy myself a lancer."

The sow ran and squalled,
And Jack loudly bawled,
And Jill joined in the choir ;
Dog Ball being near,
Caught the sow by the ear,
And threw Jack in the mire.



AT THE PUMP.

Though Jack was not hurt,
He was all over dirt,
I wish you had but seen him !
And how Jill did jump
With him to the pump.
And pumped on him to clean him.

Hearing the rout,
Dame Gill ran out,
And the sow,—still held by Ball,—
Against her came,
And the poor old dame
Over both of them did fall !

To help the dame
Her children came,
And matters were all set right ;
Then all the three
Went in to tea,
And wish you now “good night.”



AT TEA.



